



VOL. 1, NO. 35

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

OCTOBER 9, 1943

Bowling Alleys Open Oct. 14

Would You Like to Appear On the Stage?

The "Anza Camp Show," an original musical-comedy treat of three acts, has been written to point where try-outs for parts will now be held.

If you can't sing, there are plenty of straight parts. If you can do anything at all, come out. A new part may be written just for you.

Let's back this show, our own camp show, 100 per cent! How about it?

Come to the Hospital Recreation Building on Wednesday or Thursday, October 13 or 14, between 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. Lt. Buckridge will be there to welcome you.

— LET'S "ALL" BUY BONDS —

Medics Celebrate First Birthday

The Medical Detachment celebrated its first anniversary Wednesday night, with an informal dance and buffet supper, at the American Legion hall in Riverside.

The Detachment was honored by the presence of Col. Woods who, after a congratulatory speech, cut the cake resplendent with all the trimmings, including one candle.

Major Tavares was on hand with a brief but inspiring speech. Talent for the entertainment was provided by Desi Arnaz and Cully Richards of ASTC, who lured two beauties from Hollywood to contribute their talent. Cpl. Timmerman sang several songs, which were met with much approval.

The beverage flowed freely, the food was excellent, the music scintillating, girls aplenty, so all in all, the party was a huge success and the boys are looking forward to a repetition.

"Flyers" vs. U.C.L.A. Today

Transportation to and from today's football game at Wheelock Field, Riverside, between the 4th Air Force Flyers and U.C.L.A., will be provided free to all military personnel able to attend.

If you haven't as yet obtained your ticket, you can purchase it from Pvt. Bell in front of the Area "B" gym at 2:15 P.M. today. There will be accommodations for all, and the convoy will leave from Area "B" gym at 2:30 P.M.

It should be a corking game with a large crowd attending, so be there on time and the convoy will leave promptly to assure everyone of good seats.

— ARE "YOU" BUYING BONDS —

Anza E.M. First to 'Give' in Riverside

"Here's another little present for the Red Cross," said Pvt. Morris Tootleman, making his second contribution to the 1943 Red Cross war fund. Pvt. Tootleman, stationed at Camp Anza, was the first contributor to this fund in Riverside county, despite the fact that the Red Cross does not solicit contributions from servicemen.

He is not alone, however, according to officials of the Riverside county chapter. Many servicemen have been so impressed with what the Red Cross has done for them or for their buddies, or for their families, that they make it a point to stop in at the chapter office with a word of thanks and a war fund contribution.

— ZIP-A-LIP —

Dance for Enlisted Men Tuesday Night

Once again it's time to swing out to the jivey music of our swell Camp Anza dance orchestra. Plenty of girls for your dancing pleasure so don't worry about having to be a wallflower.

The place as usual, the Servicemen's Club, time around 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, October 12.

Anza Backs 3rd War Loan Drive

The following figures are the result of the Camp Anza participation in the Third War Loan Drive:

Station Comp. Officers \$ 8,825.10
Med. Det. Officers..... 12,475.00

Enlisted Men

Medical Detachment....	262.50
Transportation Corps....	487.50
Quartermasters Det.....	337.50
Military Police Det.....	2,456.65
QM Det. (Cld).....	318.75
Civilians	7,268.75

Grand Total\$32,431.75

The above figures are excellent and particular praise should be given the MP Detach. for backing the drive to the hilt. The other detachments had previously overshadowed them with their Class "B" allotment purchases, so this effort on the MP's part makes percentages equal throughout the camp.

The figures of civilian personnel represent 100 per cent participation.

— BUY WAR BONDS —

G. I. Excursions Proving Popular

The weekly excursions to various recreational points are proving mighty popular, with everyone clamoring to go.

Last Friday approximately 100 men visited Lake Arrowhead, and had a bang-up time horseback riding, boating, swimming and even hiking.

The one "hitch" was the lack of 3.2, but that only temporarily dampened the men's spirits.

— YOUR BEST BUY . . . BONDS —

Social Hour for E.M.'s

The Christian Church of Arlington, on the corner of Everest and Magnolia Streets, invites all Anza EM's to attend a social hour following Sunday services at 7:30 p.m., and a Young Peoples meeting at 6:30 p.m.

With Col. Sarles and Maj. Johnson bowling the first game at 7:00 p.m., the new bowling alleys in the Area "A" gym will be formally dedicated Thursday night, October 14. Teams from the various detachments in camp will then compete and prizes will be awarded the winners.

Additional prizes will be given for team high score, team high average, individual high score, and individual high average. Incidentally, there will be no charge for competitive bowling that night.

There will also be a billiard tournament for EM's and a prize presented the winner.

— ZIP-A-LIP —

Camel Caravan A Solid Click

One of the most hilarious and entertaining shows to ever hit Anza, the Camel Caravan, played to an enthusiastic and receptive audience Wednesday night.

Bright stars of the show were little Joey Rardin, M.C., singer and clown de luxe, and Tiny Ellen Sutton who repeatedly stopped the show with her singing. Tiny Ellen's rendition of "Pistol-Packin' Mama," had the "boys" jumping out of their seats.

Fid Gordon was a riot with his eccentric violin playing and falsetto voiced, deadpan stooge, and Russel and Renee thrilled everyone with their trampoline artistry. Anza extends thanks to the sponsors of the "Camel Caravan" for an exciting and most enjoyable evening's entertainment.

— ARE "YOU" BUYING BONDS —

Los Angeles P. of E. No Longer a Sub Port

The Los Angeles P. of E. is detached from the San Francisco P. of E. and is now under the direct control of the Chief of Transportation.



Editor

1ST. LT. A. W. MINARD

Associate Editors

PVT. ELI BELL

PVT. THOMAS J. GROGAN

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Faith . . .

(This is the second in a series of educational articles on "security." Last week's piece dealt with "conceit" as a cause of leakage, today we discuss "faith."—Ed. note.)

Of all security lessons this is the hardest to learn: that military information must be shared with no one, not even with those you love. In other words you must not share with them secrets that are not yours to share, secrets that belong to the Army. Get this quite clear in your minds because it is the first rule of security—"THE MORE PEOPLE WHO KNOW A SECRET, THE LESS CHANCE THERE IS OF ITS BEING KEPT." Realize this. It is not only careless loud-mouthed conversation that costs lives, it may also be careful, confidential talk. Your dear ones, like yourself, may with the best intentions in the world give away information without even knowing that they have done so. Think deeply and seriously about these things, because you won't solve this problem without a struggle. Faith in this case is something you should share with the Army, and the Army alone.

—ZIP-A-LIP—

Red Cross News

Miss Helen Brice has this week been assigned to the Station Hospital as Red Cross Recreational Worker. This addition to the staff now completes the Red Cross staff and will give all of the services rendered by Red Cross in station hospitals. Miss Brice is fully qualified to carry on the recreational activities for the patients, having been trained at Whittier College, and having had extensive experience in recreation departments and summer camps. The games, parties, and entertainments to be organized by Miss Brice will help to make the hours pass more quickly and more pleasantly for the patients.

—YOUR BEST BUY . . . BONDS—

San Francisco (CNS) — Six tall and shapely showgirls took off their street clothes the other day and picketed Office of Price Administration headquarters in scanties, wearing this placard: "Short Stockings are Shocking." They wanted the OPA to recognize the plight of tall girls who cannot get long stockings.

Anza Antics . . .

Stuff and Guff About the Guys in the Next Tent

* * *

TC THE TC DETACHMENT lost three of its members, via the CDD route. The trio being Pvts. Morgan Davidson, Vincent Spina and Arthur Therrien. The rest of the gang looking forlorn and under the weather are those that expected to, but didn't. . . . Pvt. Sam Shrieber never will say die. He sent for his trombone and now dares anyone in the band to out-blast him. . . . The next TC "shindig" will be held at the Service Club on Friday, October 15, at 8:00 p.m. The affair will be a combination party and dance for its members, who are starting to get all set for a bangup evening, as all the trimmings will be there—and how! . . . Pfc. Dylun is trying to talk and bribe Pfc. Leo King into letting him attend church with the latter, but so far has had no success. Wonder what religion is so exclusive, as reports are that a lot of boys would like to attend that particular church. . . . Everyone has a secret ambition, and Pfc. Philip Odening inadvertently let his out the other night: to make the stockade—with a long free ride thrown in. So far he claims that no matter what he does or does not do, it's beyond his reach. . . . Hustling Harry Higgins is bustling around trying to find and to prepare a little nest for the Mrs. who will be out very soon to take over the job of keeping him under control. . . . The heat trumpet man of the band, Pvt. "Hot Lips" Salisbury, thinks he is being taken for a wild ride in some of the band's new arrangements, especially when it comes time to play "Bugle Call Rag"! . . . T/5 Richard Capen is finally recuperating from his strenuous evening duties. Anyone who could keep Capen from his sleep must be good indeed, and it's probably a good thing that she departed temporarily, as he couldn't have stood the strain much longer.

—by Cpl. Roland Bozzi

* * *

Medics

AFTER READING the back page of last week's Zip I believe we have just about all the writers in the world. A bit of patriotism by Cpl. Seale and half as much philosophy by Sgt. Breznak. And there are seven or eight others who are always play—ing around. But writers aren't the only things we have. Now there's Dr. Moran and chemist Gonzales who are waiting for the Funny Bunny company of Ninth Month Valley to send them the rabbits for a secret experiment. There's Pfc. Milewski, the watch man or keeper of the clocks. There's Cpl. Boswell, who would rather have a queen in the hand than two queens in the bush. And somebody told me that Pvt. Kirksey has finally apologized to General MacArthur for stepping on his face and smearing his nose. Cpl. Fred Scoggins sat so close to the stage during the picture "Sahara" that he got sand in his eyes. And between you and I, it's a cinch that when that famous character broke the bank at Monte Carlo, Sgt. Voss was the manager of the place. Pvt. Kelly was probably door man and had a crew of two men—perhaps Jacobs and Steinberg to wire the tables. I guess the funniest thing this week didn't happen yet. It is funny that Sgt. Snedigar isn't living at the trailer camp. Pfc. Arnold has got a place though. This is the 6th of October and the morning of that day. I can't tell you a thing about this evening and what will happen. You will know. As you finish this you will know. It will be old then. But the world is old and still pretty good, I think.

—by S/Sgt. Robert Tesmer

* * *

MPs

IT SEEMS that the MPs lost some of their finer members via the discharge route—Trentine, Congdon, Valentine and Bert. Lots of luck, men. . . . Pfc. Graziosa returned with a love-light in his eye for Katey. . . . Bunny Toes Brunner, do you have a license to operate on railroad tracks? And in a car too! Tch, tch. . . . Wonder why Scarpitta and Fraina were broken up? Too much competition for the rest of the men? . . . Sgt. Maniscalco hit Riverside again, and alone. Wonder why? . . . I guess after Sunday's ride at least 3 members of the MPs will take out insurance before going riding with a certain Pfc. again. . . . Does the new T. O. coming out have anything to do with the boys working so hard? . . . Lewis Shafron shows great promise as an actor. You should see him emote sometime. . . . The boys wish to extend their congratulations to Pfc. Hannah on his fine job.

—by Pfc. Daly
(Cont. on Page 3)

Zip Presents . . .



Lt. W. A. Forbes,
Post Adjutant

A soldier with 25 years of service behind him, one who has advanced through every non-commissioned rank from private to M/Sgt. and never been demoted, is our Post Adjutant, Lt. W. A. Forbes.

Born in Calais, Maine, on January 14, 1900, the Lt. was raised and received his early schooling there, until when at the age of 17, World War I interrupted. The day following America's Declaration of War against Germany, he enlisted in the Navy.

For 14 months on the U.S.S. South Carolina, and 8 months on the U.S.A. Transport Pastores, he saw service as gun pointer. Upon promotion to Quartermaster 3rd class he was transferred to the U.S.S. Mayflower as ship Quartermaster and remained in that position until he was discharged in September, 1919.

For over a year he travelled the country with two friends until the urge to return to military life asserted itself. His choice was the Navy, but his buddies, who were 2 against his 1, preferred the Army, so the Army it was. On December 1, 1920, he enlisted. Shortly after he was sent to Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, and assigned to a Field Artillery Reg't. For 16 years he remained with the same organization, the last 11 as B'n Sgt. Major. Promotion came slowly in pre-war days, but when the Lt. left the Islands he held the rank of S/Sgt.

Then in December, 1936, came return to the States and assignment to Ft. Lewis, Washington. There came promotion to Tech. Sgt. and responsibility as Chief of Accounts Section. After four years came promotion to Master Sgt. and transfer to Camp Roberts as Reg'tl Sgt. Major.

Two years later, on January 23, (Cont. on Page 3)

News from Here And There

Camp Edwards, Mass. — This camp has a new type of gripe box—and it works. Soldiers are told to place their grievances in a numbered envelope, which is dropped into the gripe box. The men can kick their top kick around all they want—in anonymous security. If officers feel that further consultation will help the situation they list the number on the envelope and a closed session is held if the griper chooses.

Camp Stoneham, Calif.—Making a medical inspection of a Service club here, Brig. Gen. Wallace De Witt walked into the cafeteria kitchen. He almost bowled over a GI who was carrying 25 dishes. The jeep spotted that silver star on the General's shoulder and without a moment's hesitation he snapped to attention and dropped the dishes.

Chicago — A man confronted Miss Doris Duse on a side street. "Look," he said, holding a wriggling snake over her head. Miss Duse looked, screamed. The man slugged her on the button, knocked her cold. When she recovered her purse was missing.

Poland Spring, Me. (CNS) — The alluring attire of modern women is responsible for a large amount of crime in the United States of America, Dr. Carlton Simon, criminologist, believes. "Women," he said recently, "fan the flame of crime by displaying limbs, using powder, perfume and every studied ingenuity to extol femininity."

—by CNS

— YOUR BEST BUY . . . BONDS —

Lt. W. A. Forbes, Post Adjutant

(Cont. from Page 2)

1943, he was discharged as an E.M. to accept an appointment as Warrant Officer. The new position lasted just 10 days for on February 3, 1943, he was appointed 1st Lt. T.C., and assigned to Camp Anza.

Here he became the first Adjutant of Area "A" and held that position until he was chosen to become the Post Adjutant last month.

Married for 17 years, the Lt. and his wife live in Arlington and plan to reside in San Diego after he is retired. There he hopes to catch up on all the reading and fishing he has had to forego. Should another war disturb that, he emphatically declared that he would join the Marines, and so be able to proudly say that he had seen service with all three main branches of service.

Anza Antics . . .

(Cont. from Page 2)

Officers

THE SPIRIT was jovial, the occasion quite gay. 'Twas Saturday the Second of October they say. And just as soon as Col. Sarles came in, The officers let out a whoop and a din. They sang as they never had sung before, In greeting the Colonel as he came thru' the door. The song wasn't old, it wasn't too new, Not a voice was off pitch, every note rang out true As the bassos and tenors sang "Happy Birthday to You"!

And soon—very soon—wedding bells will ring out for Lt. Merlyn Prater. (Have to be careful about these first names, what with another Lt. Prater on the roster. There should be a law against that. A correspondent might wind up in libel suit—liable as not.) Lt. Prater, the finance officer, is expecting his fiancée to arrive any hour now. While he's counting out the minutes, who's going to count out our money? Lt. Prescott who emulates Lt. Everett in almost everything he does, decided to see what nature would do if he didn't shave under his lip. Frankly nature wasn't kind to him. Lt. Everett's bravery lasted only a few days. His growth vanished at someone's subtle suggestion. A wife is funny that way. But Lt. Prescott—sans a wife—will not plow under. In a mist, nothing is seen—in bright sunlight, a few flagellations are discernible under a powerful magnifying lens. Capt. Bone offered an Iowa solution to the visibility problem. "Use some barn paint to make it real red." . . . And speaking of visibility, the Anza softball officers' team at last found their sights. The Special Training Center officers' team succumbed to our heroes by a score somewhere in the vicinity of 10 to 5. Perhaps it was ten to five—does it matter? . . . Highlights: Lt. Feld specializing in two baggers this season. His production capacity has been cut in half. With Lt. Carpenter on first, Lt. Minard bunted. Then the ball started on a shuttle career from second to third to first to home to second to first to home to third—dizzy already? There were a few more intricate stops en route but when the ball finally stopped touring both Carpenter and Minard had touched home plate with gay abandon. Lt. Head, in the outfield, headed (in a lumbering fashion) after a tall, high, far and wide one. He was the most surprised man you ever saw when he found he had caught the ball—but then strange things do happen to our ball team. Looks like baseball is here to stay for a spell—oh, well—don't be discouraged. . . . Thanks for reading.

—by Capt. Fred E. Maisel, M. C.

* * *

Svce. Det.

"THA WINNA"—by way of the KO route last Tuesday night at Hammer Field, California, started Cpl. Albert "Clarkie Boy" Clark on a fine pace down the "rosin road" to pugilistic fame. It was a hard right to the face that floored his soldier opponent in the third round. . . . "Clarkie Boy's" chief asset is his "fighting heart." . . . And the whole Anza family is supplying him with "loads of future success." . . . At this time, we should be wiping the suds from our lips after drinking that "keg of brew" we won for dusting off the Sta. Complement in the softball game. Well, we lost but it was a good, close game. . . . Pvt. Johnnie Bowers sure pulled a fast one by walking away with an Hon Discharge. And on the same afternoon of his release he was seen standing on the corner in Riverside greeting the boys with "What-cha say soldier." All dolled up in "civillee" clothes. . . . It's difficult to understand just how Pvt. Charles (Stepin Fetchin) Love was fast enough to catch up with that "most lovely" lady whose picture he carries in his purse. We are giving odds that 1st Sarge McPherson would not believe his tale. . . . Back from furlough, news should be snappy reading next week. . . . "Right?" . . . Corporal Wm. T. Neely, watch out.

—by Cpl. Guy L. Miller, Jr.

* * *

Special Training Ctr.

NOW THAT the reshuffle in our little post is nearly finished we find a lot of new faces, most of the old dealers and the same number of jokers. Hi, gang. . . . War is Hell Dept.: Last week the Pacific Electric loused up our weekend with their strike and now Capt. Charles "Gas" Mahoney tells us we can't have any more water fights with the fire extinguishers in the barracks. . . . With great

(Cont. on Page 4)

Chaplain's Corner . . .

By Chaplain Jasper C. Havens

The King of Egypt once brought his boy to Euclid, the Mathematician, saying, "This is my boy; someday he will be King of Egypt, and I wish to have his studies made as simple as possible." Euclid replied in words that have been repeated for 30 centuries, "Sire, there is no royal road to learning." There is no substitute for honest effort and hard work. Fair weather never made a sailor.

What a pity it is that some still think that saints are made by having difficulties removed! The path to Spiritual Maturity is work, sweat and blood. When one can "fight the good fight, finish the course, and keep the faith," then he has achieved, and is ready and entitled to the "Crown of Life."

What are you doing Sunday, soldier? A wise investment is an hour of your time in worship in the chapel or church of your choice.

— LET'S "ALL" BUY BONDS —

Camp Dance Bands Active

After retreat has sounded and the sun sinks over the chapel, twenty-two members of the Anza Band begin the second lap of the day with their two dance bands. A shortage of bands in this area results in weekly requests from Mira Loma QM Depot, Ontario Air Base, Corona Women's Club, Norco Naval Hospital, and Arlington and Riverside USO Clubs for dance music. Frequent dances for Anza personnel are played at Arlington, the Camp Servicemen's Club, Officers' Club, and for parties of the various detachments.

Approximately eight dance jobs per week are divided between the bands. The 10-piece aggregation known as the Camp Anza Dance Orchestra and spark-plugged by Pvt. Vernon Kline features the saccharine, Society-band, type of satin-smooth swing. Quite the opposite, the 12-member group is characterized by rough and ready barrel-house and gut-bucket jive, pulsing throughout with the dynamic drumming of Sgt. Gene McCraney and the molten trumpet of Sgt. Dave Kruswick.

Some difficulty has been experienced in trying to defeat a physical law to provide for the appearance of the sole pianist of both groups, genial Pvt. George Churchill, on more than one job per evening. The boys are also secretly obsessed by the fear that some dark night the owls will not guide them back to Anza in time to stand reveille and begin another day.

Reader's Column . . .

O'MARA AT THE BAT

It looked extremely rocky for the officers that day
The enlisted men were in the lead and feeling mighty gay!
The umpire yelled for "batter up!"
Like a drink in the Sahara
The officers perked up—the next batter was O'Mara!

Bob covered home-plate like a cloud and held his bat with poise.

His face, tho grim, said plainly,
"I'll fix this score up, Boys!"



The ball was pitched—he swung! but missed; and when the air was clear—

'Twas plain that all O'Mara hit was Anza atmosphere!

O, somewhere in some army camp the sun is shining bright
And officers go to the Club with healthy appetite,
But at Anza all is wormwood, bitter as the well-known gall—
For the picture really proves the fact—O'Mara missed the ball!
—Mrs. Locke

Open Letter to Sgt. J. N. Bresnak.
My Dear Sergeant:

We—all four of us—read your most delicious mental pabulum of last week; that perspicacious treatise on the attainment of perfection which I presume you still read from time to time. I have been quite advertant in checking my primary point. I have reference of course to your four readers; they number no more, no less—period. This, in my humble judgment, is all to your credit. I say this because history bears me out in the matter that nearly all great wielders of the delicate verbal nuance began in the dim dawn of their time. Kant, Spinoza, Des Cartes and a host of others were sensitive hair splitters of philosophical niceties. Yes, their dawns—oh canst thou forgive my painful turgescence—did not burst upon a waiting world "... Like thunder outa China 'crost thuh bay." In this then, my dear Sergeant, you should be quite able to find a comforting parallel. I mean of course that all great philosophers either capitalize on a ready made movement or clothe old ideas in a new form with a small following. You fall in neither

Anza Sportlights . . .

With the weather turning cooler and the football season already underway, softball, paradoxically, occupied the top spot in athletics last week at Anza.

Starting the week's activity was the game between the Station Complement and the Casual Detachment with S. C. victors 7-0. Sgt. Anderson starred again, shut out the "Casual" boys without a hit. The game had to be called after 4 innings because of darkness, and was conceded by the losers, but it's doubtful whether Anderson could have been beaten that day. . . . Tuesday, the Anza Officers picked up where the EM's left off and trounced the ASTC Officers 10-5. Lt. Feld pitched a good game for Anza and at bat slugged the ball all over the place. . . . Thursday the QMC Detach. took on the Station Comp. and were beaten in a hard fought game 5-3. It was 5-0 going into the last inning but the QMC boys never stopped trying. They got to Anderson for a number of clean hits, scored 3 runs in that hectic last inning but were finally stopped with two men on base. It was a swell game and we're looking for a repeat on it. . . . Cpl. Clark of QMC returned to camp with a shiner and a scalp dangling from his belt. Fought an opponent in a boxing bout at Hammer Field and knocked him out in the 3rd round. Clark fights again soon at March Field and plans are afoot to send a number of men along to see the bout. . . . The bowling season starts full swing next week so all we expect to hear for awhile is "strike," "spare," "split" . . . and beer! . . . Got your team organized yet? A league will be formed soon. . . . Looks like a big turnout for the "Flyers"-U.C.L.A. game today. Should be a pip of a tussle.

catagory per se but do appear to favor the second idea. However, your attempts to bedeck and embellish the obvious, where we poor dog faces are concerned, is nothing short of diaphonous puerility on your part.

Yours for sublimated perspicuity
Cpl. Henry Timmerman.

TO THE WAR BOND TWERP

A twerp with a head made of wood

Says that War Bonds aren't any good.

When the war's over he'll holler
That he hasn't a dollar
And he'll wish that he'd saved when he could.

—by Glenn Post
of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Thanks for the contributions, but no room for all this week. Please try to limit their size. Ed.

The Wolf

by Sansone

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Anza Antics . . .

(Cont. from Page 3)

interest the eight fathers in the MP barracks are following the current headliner that paternal parents are soon to be inducted. Led by Pvt. Bill Herrold with six children and followed closely by Sgt. Charles Noble's four little income tax deductions, the section boasts a total (at the last count) of twenty-four offspring. Mr. Hershey please note. . . . Cheer up, all you lucky guys taking basic training again for the zillionth time, 1st Sgt. Peter Haupt promises that, if we learn "Right-face" and "Left-face" real well this week, next week he will teach us "About-face." . . . Early to bed, early to rise—will make your gal go out with six other guys (the Miron theory). Is that why you always have those rosy eyeballs, Albert? . . . "Shades" of Joyce Kilmer's "Trees"—this current version so popular in the Hq. Co. showers, "I think that I shall never see—a lovely, lovely C.D.D." The last two lines are quite touching, too, "Before they make a soldier of me—Oh, Lord, give me a C.D.D." . . . The post's gone Hollywood, so "on with the show": Our own MP section proudly presents their two daily canned bugle call broadcasts, "Reveille with Remmle" and "Taps with Toups." . . . We know it's true that food will win this war, but how are we ever going to get any Japs to eat at our Mess Hall.

—by Sgt. Frederick J. Miles

* * *

Civilians

REPORTING OUR FIRST serious error. The name of the charming new receptionist is not Vaughn, but Mrs. Bernice Foy. She is also in the Officers Section. . . . We hope Brenta has a good time in Frisco. . . . Velma is awfully proud of that hanky from Iran. . . . The question of the week. Who is going to win the \$100 Series pool? . . . School days are back with Filing and time sheet classes. . . . Beverly Grogan is the happiest (and prettiest) girl in camp, what with the discharge and the ensuing choo-choo ride back home. Best wishes, Bev. . . . Old question: How about some news from the rest of the camp? If none comes in, Housty threatens to start a new column called "The Man at the Keyhole." . . . G'bye's were said again to Pvt. and Mrs. Campbell last week. Chet was art instructor before his discharge (medical) and Peg was secretary to the Special Services Officer. Good luck, you two. . . . New additions to the Service Club include Mrs. Westcott, secretary to Lt. Minard (lucky girl) and Mrs. Finley, the Jr. Hostess.

—by Jess Webber